

October Muse

By Glenn Currier

I embrace you in all your goodness.
I embrace your spirit, the breath of freshness.
I embrace you the creative force in the universe and in me.
I embrace you in all your humanity that I love,
in my humanity I love.
I am waking up to you in my day dreams
where figments of you
sneak into my psyche.
If I but take a moment to laze, to relax
and give the slightest effort
to place myself in your presence
you creep up into me
and even in a shallow breath you enliven my lungs.
You are here in the slow cool breath of winter,
hardly seen in the young tallow trees
whose hearts are just barely moved
but even in what cannot be called a flutter
they shrug the change of the seasons
as if to say to you:
we are here, ready to be transformed.

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